THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

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POETRY.

FOR THE DEMOCRAT.

Twilight Musings.

Cousin, at memory's shrine
Let's kneel a moment, while our gathering tears
Shall pay a tribute to departed years,
Once yours and mine.

Attend with list'ning ear,
While fancy, in her flight, again shall roam—
My hill-born shade and your sweet cottage home,
Are they not dear?

Dearest, that high-arched grove,
With banks of moss 'neath each dark spreading tree,
Where we two in our childish love and glee
Used oft to rove,—

Yes, each bright, holy spot
In which we've whiled away the golden hours,
Watching alike the budding things and flowers;
Forget them not.

Ah! we will love them still,—
Each fresh young bud, and sparkling dew-drop bright,—
Each whispering breeze, and bird of plumage light,
And dancing rill.

Now, cousin, from the Past
With all its sweet enchantments, let us turn
One moment to the *Present*, shall we learn
Joys while they last?

Bythee bright sunny days—
By the calm Present with its holy spell—
Our Future shall be moulded—is it well?
Then forward gaze.

When with the morn you wake,
And pour your gushing song with joy again;
Then thoughtful sing one soulfull legend strain,
Just for my sake,

When glittering daylight fades,
And shadowy evening drops her mantle down;—
And trembling stars bend from each Heavenly crown
'Mid twilight shades;—

Then at your hour of prayer,
Crave blessings too for me—and ever know
My spirit, in its pleadings, bending low
Shall meet you there.

'Tis long past twilight now,
But still, in fancy, your sweet, pensive smile
Seems beaming near, each shadow to beguile
From off my brow.

May angels pure and bright
Watch o'er your footsteps—watch and love you long—
Heaven bless you—is the burden of my song;
Loved one, good-night.

Sweet Memories.

BY I. RUSSELL.

Oh, there are memories that throng
So closely round my heart,
That of its hidden trembling string
They seem to form a part;
They're woven in with every dream
That haunts my nightly rest,
And nestle like a golden beam
Deep in my troubled breast.

Oh, there are memories that crowd
And cluster in my brain,
That bind me gently to the past
And make me grasp again,
The blooming wreath my childhood knew,
Ere change had come, or blight,
When each fair bud was wet with dew,
Each blossom crowned with light.

Sweet memories, ye gently now
Are whispering to my heart,
I feel your light upon my brow,
And tears of rapture start;
Ye tell me of the sun lit hours,
That flew so gaily on;
'Mid singing birds and fragrant flowers,
That bloomed without a thorn.

Ye tell me of the young—the fair,
Who flitted round my path;
Entwine amidst their clustering hair,
A bright and glorious wreath;
I listen to the warbled notes,
That tremble on the tongue,
Till through my soul that music flows
Like strains by angels sung.

Oh, stay then, gentle memories,
Within my heart of hearts,
And softly hush the heaving sigh,
And dry the tear that starts;
Oh, hold, ye gentle memories,
Your empire in my breast,
Till death shall close my weary eyes
And take me to its rest.

MAGNIFICENT WINTER SCENE.—At St Paul, Minnesota, the Mississippi froze over on the 14th of December. On the 5th, says the Pioneer:

"From sunrise until almost noon, the people of St. Paul witnessed one of the most superb solar exhibitions ever seen. Three suns of equal brightness, and too dazzling for the naked eye, apparently rose at once, in the horizon, and the ground being covered with snow, poured forth a deluge of light the most intense we ever beheld. A cream of powerfully refracted rays was blazing downward from the real sun of the centre, like the blazing board of a fiery coat, while on each side of the sun, like the segments which form a parenthesis—thus (·)—hung a brilliant sun-dog, with a focal point in the centre of each, intensely luminous, so that these two suns, the off-spring of the true sun by refraction, came in equal splendor, all in a row with their great father of light."

MISCELLANY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Grace Kennedy.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

Poor Kennedy! He got permission from his master to leave work earlier than usual.—Another man took his place with the cattle.—And he hurried home.

'I'll right her,' he said, as he went along.—'We'll go to Mr. Saunders. Two hours there, and two back. I'll be back by eight o'clock.'

And so he came to the house,

'Where's Grace?' he asked.

The little things could only tell him that two men came for her, and she went with them.

'Was her mother here?' he asked.

'No, daddy, an' we're very hungry.'

He hurriedly got something to eat for the little creatures. Surely, he thought, Mr. Saunders sent for Grace. Then telling the children to go to bed when they had eaten their supper, he went out. A neighbor's wife was washing a pot before her door, a little lower down the lane.

'Tell us, Biddy,' he asked, 'did ye see two men goin' to my house the day?'

'Faix I did, Pether a-hagur, an' I seed them goin' away too.'

'Grace was with them, was she?'

'Yer daughter, ye mane,' said the woman, coldly; 'h-ith she was.'

'What is id ye m ne at all, Biddy, achora?'

'They was the polismen that was wid yer daughter, Pether agra,' answered the woman, raising herself up, and standing before him.

'Polis!' he shrieked, 'polis!' and ran off.—'Och, she's taken, the innocent crature,' and he ran. 'They wodldn't believe her. Bad where am I runnin' to?'

He turned back to the woman.

'Was it the Escar polis was in id?' he asked.

'Jist thim,' was the answer.

'An' wh.t time, Biddy, honey?'

'Jist about eleven o'clock this mornin'.'

'O, she's in jail by this,' he said, as he turned away. 'I'll clear her, though, to her mistress, the kind lady; I'll prove her innocent, the darlint. I'll have the other wan taken.'—and on he sped to Escar.

O, he could not walk—he ran. There's Mr. Worrell's—on to the bog road; there's his old house. He stops to breathe. He thinks of Grace in prison. On again—on, on, over the bog road. He did not feel the cold wind and the spitting rain beating against his face—Grace was in prison. He heeds not the sharp, rough stones he trips against in his haste—Grace is in prison. On, on, still. Here's the bridge, and the end of the bog road. On, up the hill to the barrack. He rushes in.

'What made ye take Grace?' he asked, hardly able to speak from want of breath.

'Who are ye at all?' asked the sergeant, standing up.

'Ye took her prisoner to-day, didn't yez?' he asked.

'Took who prisoner?'

'Grace Kennedy, that was livin' at Mrs. Saunders.'

'Yes, we did; these two men are just after leaving her in the jail.'

'O my God in heaven!'—sitting down, and covering his face with his hands—and then he started up—'she didn't take it—'twas her mother; her mother forced it from her. Go 'rest her, I tell yez. Put *her* in jail—my wife, Katty Kennedy. Take her up, and let the innocent darlint go.'

'The man's mad,' said the police.

'I'm not mad. I tell yez it was Katty Kennedy took the money for dhrink, and ye'll find her now in Philipstown, or Hollywood, or somewhere, dhrunk.'

'I think we'll have to arrest you, too,' said the sergeant, 'as you know so much about the matter.'

'Och, 'rest me if yez like; but let me go up to the good lady, Mrs. Saunders, and clear Grace.'

'O, I'll take you there myself. Come along.'

He told his story by the way—and they were brought into the hall; and the policeman told the servant that he had learned something more about the money.

Mr. Saunders was at dinner; but he and all the family came out.

'Och, ma'am, ye sent her to jail,' commenced Kennedy, in a piteous tone—'och, ye sent her to jail, an' she innocent. The poor child. She never took it, ma'am dear; she never took it.'

'What is all this?' asked Mr. Saunders.—'Dalton, who is this man?'

'The girl's father, sir, at whose house the men found her this morning.'

'My good man,' said Mrs. Saunders, approaching Kennedy, 'do you really mean to say that she is innocent?'

'I do, me lady. God knows she is. It was her mother took the money; and the darlint thought how she'd be punished if she told; so she wouldn't peach, an' is gone to prison herself, instead. That's the only raison I can think of for her not tellin' at onst, as she told me this mornin'.'

'What did she tell you?'

'Why, yer ladyship, she said she was in the room, an' the young lady's workbox was open an' Grace, the crature was lookin' for a needle, or somethin' in it; an' her mother came in by the window, and took the money out of the child's hand by force; an' Grace follyed her, and overtook her, and wanted to hould her; but the mothern turned and struck her down and darted off. Thin Grace got up, and follyed on, but lost her, and came to my house, wet and cowld, to thry if she was there. An' that's the story ma'am; an' I had to go to my work this mornin', and I saw she was loth to come back here by herself; so I told her to wait till evenin' an' I'd go wid her; an' I got leave from my masther to quit work early, and whin I came to the cabin she was gone. The polis had her, and thin I ran on here, an' now she's in jail.'

And poor Kennedy's voice faltered through his tale, and at the end he fairly cried.

'Ah, John, you were too hasty. If I had spoken to her myself, she would have told me I am sure,' whispered his lady, sorrowfully.

'There is one point in your story that I do not understand,' said Mr. Saunders addressing the man. 'You say that the woman forced the money out of the child's hand. Now, how came it in her hand?'

'Ah! the crature took it up to look at it, I suppose, yer honor.'

'Jane, my love, was not your money in the purse?'

'Yes, papa, in a corner of the workbox.'

'So, you see, my man that your daughter must first have taken the money out of the purse into her own hand, before it could be forced from it.'

'Ah, sir, I'm not sure what she did; but wan thing I'm sartin of, that she nivir thought of takin' the money, an' nivir did.'

'Don't you think, sir, it would be advisable to det in this man?' asked the policeman.

'Why, there is no evidence whatever against him, Dalton, oven by any accidental admission of his own. I don't see how you can keep him.'

'O! don't go for to keep me, gintlemen, for the love iv heaven, or I'll lose my place; and Mr. Rawson's a good man, an' I'll get lave from him to come to-morrow; but who'd feed her the cows in the mornin' if I'm away? I'll do all I can for yez, to get the colleen out o' jail, but don't keep me. There's two little wans at home, and maybe it's the house they have set a fire. Don't keep me. Sure I wouldn't have come to the polis at all, if I had any hand in it. An' I'll find Katty, too, I'll go bail.'

'Well, sir,' said Dalton, 'I think I had better take him up to Mr. Hamilton's, and get a warrant for the apprehension of the woman he speaks of, on his testimony in the case.'

And they went to the magistrate's—the husband to give evidence against the wife, to save the child.

'Can we not get Grace out of prison now, dear?' asked Mrs. Saunders of her husband as they returned to the dinner-table.

'Why, I don't know; she has been certainly to blame, according to her father's account in going to the workbox at all, and then taking the money out. I wish you would see her, my love, and try if her version corresponds with what her father says. You have no objection to visit the jail?'

'O, not the least,' answered the lady; 'only too happy, if I can be of any service to poor Grace, who I really hope is innocent. Can we not get her out?'

'I would not like to withdraw my informations, having sworn to them, particularly as the mother has not yet been taken; and the girl may be the guilty party, after all. But if you think well of her tale to-morrow, I may endeavor to get her out on bail: but you know Ellen, it would be out of the question her coming here, as long as the shadow of a doubt rested on her.'

'Where could we put her?' said his wife, half to herself.

'Let her go home, can't she?—the fittest place for her.'

'O, John, 'ow can you say that!—home!—to that wretched hovel in the bog!—for Mrs. Saunders was not aware of Kennedy's change of residence. 'And what good has she learned in this home, that we should send her there?'

'The old schoolmistress wants a servant, I think,' whispered Jane.

'Thank you, darling, for the hint; yes, that will just do,' said her mother. 'She can stay at the school, and attend to her lessons, till she can come back here with a character unstained.'

Next day Mrs. Saunders, with her husband, drove to the jail.

They were shown into the master's parlor, and he himself soon appeared.

'Mr. Denny,' said the gentleman, 'we would be glad to see a little prisoner that was brought to you yesterday.'

'I know, sir, a little light-haired child, about twelve years old—her name was Grace—Grace—'

'Kennedy,' suggested Mrs. Saunders.

'Exactly, sir—Kennedy—charged with robbing her mistress. Well, sir, she is in the house here. My wife, on seeing her, took quite a fancy to her. She was tired, poor thing, and hungry, when she came in, and she was taken down to the kitchen to eat something, and there she so won on my wife, good woman, that she declared she would not send her among the other prisoners, but would keep her herself to assist in the house. Poor little thing, she is very unhappy.'

'Poor child,' said Mrs. Saunders, 'I should be glad to speak to her, alone, Mr. Denny, if it were perfectly convenient.'

'O, certainly, ma'am, if you will step up to the drawing-room.'

'I will walk round the prison with you, if you will allow me, Mr. Denny,' interrupted Mr. Saunders, 'and the little girl can come in here.'

'Very well, sir, exactly,' and they both left the room. 'Will you wait here, sir, for a moment, till I call her?'

Poor Grace came up at the summons that some one wanted to speak to her.

And she entered the room, and there was her mistress. She jumped forward, with delight, but stopped and crimsoned—she recollected where she was, and she looked down.

'Grace,' said her mistress, 'come here and sit down beside me. Now, Grace, why did you not tell me yesterday what your father has told about the money? you would not have come here, then, perhaps.' And the soft, gentle tone went to her heart, and she burst into tears.

'I'm sorry father told,' she said, at length.

'Why should you be sorry, if he told the truth?'

'Sure I didn't tell a lie, ma'am dear.'

'I'm not saying you did; but you kept back part of the truth, and that's nearly as bad.'

'Was that as bad? but sure—'

'But sure, what?'

'Isn't there a great punishment for robbin', ma'am?'

'I believe the punishment is heavy; but what has that to say to it?'

'If I told, she'd suffer ma'am,' said Grace, with tearful eye, looking up to her mistress.

'Who is she? Come, go on Grace; tell me everything. I know all, but I want to hear it from yourself. You were going to take the money yourself, were you not?'

'O, no, ma'am—indeed, indeed, no. I tho't at first that a little sixpence would not be missed, and the divil put that in my head; but I thought then that God was lookin' at me, as you an' Miss Jane often told me, and I put the bad thought away.'

'How came you to touch the money at all, Grace?'

'My needle broke, ma'am, and I knew you'd be angry with me; and I saw Miss Jane's workbox, and tried was it open—I know I did very wrong—and it was; and I found the needle-book in the bottom, and took one. An' thin I saw the little bag, an' took out the money, an' had it in my hand, whin mother came to the gl-ss door—O, I got such a fright ma'am—an' she came in an' coaxed herself over to me, and made a snatch at the money, and ran way. I followed her, and caught her just in the shrubbery, and she turned and hit me here ma'am, (and there was the mark on her temple,) an' I fell; and when I got up I ran on to f-ther's, thinkin' she was there, but she wasn't. Thin I felt that you'd think that I took it, an' father said he'd come over with me himself after work. Thin the polis came, an' I didn't like that mother should be taken—whet id Katty and P-ther do? an' she'd be hung, maybe, an' go to the bad place for wicked people—'

'And is that all, Grace—the whole truth?'

'Indeed it is, ma'am.' And her mistress read in the watery blue eye the bright glance of truth.

'Well, Grace, in the first place, it was awkward of you to break your needle: but there was no *sin* in that; it became *sin* when you went to *take one of Miss Jane's*, which was not yours—it was then the sin of *stealing*; for, as far as the sin goes, it is as great wrong before God to take a needle belonging to another as a pound. You stole a needle, and as you were engaged in the theft your curiosity was excited, and you were very near stealing money also. Your mother came, and actually took the money—the consequence, I may say of your theft: for if you had not opened the workbox to steal the needle, you would not have seen the money—you would not have had it in your hand when your mother came to the window—and she would not been tempted to take it. You have partly atoned for your fault in being sorry for it. But do not think the wrong consisted in going to Miss Jane's workbox, and opening it; that was certainly very wrong, idle curiosity; but the sin was in opening it to steal. Do you understand all I have said?'

'O, yes, ma'am,' replied Grace, sobbing, 'I did steal the needle—I'm very sorry—an' I must stay here with mother; but ma'am, dear, did she give back the money?'

'She has not been heard of yet at all. But would you like to come away from this, if I could get you out?'

'O, ma'am dear, you're so good an' kind to poor me?' and Grace cried on.

'I must go now,' said Mrs. Saunders, rising. 'You had better go down stairs again.'

'Amn't I to go with you ma'am?'

'No, Grace, I must speak to Mr. Saunders about it; perhaps to-morrow or the day after you will come out. But, Grace, though I believe you did not take the money, there are others who think you did; so, until your mother is taken and tried, you shall stay at the school and learn your lessons. And if you are let out of this, you must promise not to run away or hide yourself anywhere.'

'O, that I will, ma'am.' And Mrs. Saunders held out her hand, and Grace took it in both hers, and looked as if she would have liked to kiss her mistress.

'Good-by, Grace,' said her mistress, as they parted outside the door.

'Good-by, ma'am,' said Grace, courtesying.

And Mrs. Saunders spoke to her husband, and he arranged with Mr. Hamilton, and the little girl in two days was let out on bail.—And Mrs. Denny was very sorry to lose her; the blue eyed child had won a little spot in the good woman's heart.

But were not they glad at Fairport? Poor Jane was wild with joy—the connecting link of gratitude between her and her humble pupil was not broken; and Charles was very happy too.

And William, the butler, shut himself up in the pantry for a whole hour, and the cook afterwards declared that she heard him crying and 'thanking God.'

And Catharine did nothing but laugh; and the cook said 'she knew it all along,' and that 'she'd go and bring her back the crature.' And she did go. She told her mistress that she had important business in M——, it couldn't be put off, 'an' wouldn't the master lend the ass' cart, and thin she could bring home her poor Grace?' And her mistress smiled, and said she might go. And William suddenly recollected that he had but a single good boot or shoe in the world, and asked leave to drive the cart.

And they came to the jail; and there was father standing at the gate. He heard from the Escar police that she was coming out, and he came to bring her home. Mr. Rawson gave him the day—another man 'fodhered' the cattle. 'His darlint—he knew he'd clear her.'—And out she came; she had her bonnet now and her father hugged her, and William and the cook kissed her, and the four got on the cart—Grace between the two servants—and her father sitting behind, with his legs hanging down. And on went the donkey full trot—William could manage him well—on they went through the town; and the little boys recognized the golden-haired little girl going home; and they ran after the cart and cheered—'Hurrah! hurrah! she's out! she's out!'—How well the donkey went! he actually cantered; and the little boys cheered; it was quite a triumph. On they went home—good donkey!—and Peter's legs dangled behind; and he whistled some curious tune. On they went and they all were so merry. But who are these on before? They come closer; they are like police. Closer still—two police-men holding a woman between them, and dragging her along—O! God, her mother. Grace felt quite sick; her mother going to jail—the same police that took her. 'O, do stop, William!' And Peter looked round, but still he whistled his old tune, and the police stopped.

'She's dead drunk,' said Dubbin, 'and won't walk a step; we're killed dragging her. You're clear at all events,' said he, addressing Grace—(poor Grace was sobbing bitterly)—'we found silver on her and Miss Saunders knew it to be hers.'

'I knew I'd clear her,' said Peter behind.

The drunken woman looked up. 'Grace,' she stuttered. 'Mother, mother,' sobbed Grace. 'Ye'd ——, may the curse ir ——;' but Peter's hand was on her mouth, and he stooped down and whispered in her ear, and the drunken woman sunk down in silence.—He jumped on the cart again; 'go on now.'—And on the went home.

CHAPTER VII.

Grace went home with her father that night to Katty and Peter. Oh, weren't they glad to see her! But there was a great deal of sorrow in Grace's cup of joy. She thought of her mother in prison, and how she had cursed her.

'I must stay with you now, father dear.'

'An' why, alanah? Didn't the lady say ye might go back to the big house now that ye war clear?'

'I know she did; but, father, who'll dress yer victuals, and take care of the children?'

'Nivir mind ma'am' sure the children won't be worse off than they ever wor.'

'But, father dear, sure there's no one now.'

'Nivir you mind, acushla; go back to yer mistress like a good girl to-morrow, as she towld ye: an' I'll think, an' maybe I'd manage an' go over an' see you on Sunday, plaze God, an' Biddy Hoolegan will have an eye to the children till then.'

And Grace started the next morning back to Fairport, and she told her dilemma.

'Father wishes me to stay here, ma'am; but who'll mind the children?'

'I quite agree with your father,' said Mrs. Saunders; 'but I'll talk over the matter with the master, and speak to your father when he comes on Sunday.'

And she told her husband.

'What can be done?' she asked.

'I don't know anything else,' said he, 'except to give him work here. I think he's an honest man, and would have no objection to employ him.'

'Oh, that will do exactly; and the children can all go to school.'

'But you know my dear, I cannot take him from Rawson; that is, I cannot offer him work so as to induce him to leave his present employment. Dunne, the herd, will be leaving me in a fortnight, and if Kennedy knows anything of cattle, as I think he does, that would suit him; and there's a house too.'

So there was Kennedy as they drove home from church on Sunday. He took off his hat and approached them.

'Put on your hat, my man,' said Mr. Saunders.

'Grace, ma'am,' he began, 'is very, anxious to come home and tache the childre, and mind them, bud I'm thinkin' that it's betther for her to stay here in a good place and larn herself. An' I'm goin' to make so bowld as to ax yer honor if I might put the little childre to lodge with some of the neighbors here, and this they'd be near Grace, and could go to the school; an' may be, in coorse of time, I'd get work about here myself.'

'Would you wish for work in this neighborhood, my friend?' asked Mrs. Saunders.

'Oh! yes, ma'am; sure that id just do.'

'Do you know anything of the management of black cattle?' inquired the gentleman.

'Is it cattle, sir! sure that's what I'm at, all my life; it's herd I am at Mr. Rawson's beyant. The cows, the craturs!'

'Well, my herd is going away in a fortnight, and if you wish for work in this neighborhood, I'll give you the situation. There is a house, garden, and milk, and five shillings a-week, to be increased if you go on well.'

And the hat was off again.

'May God bless you an' yer good lady, sir! I'll ax Mr. Rawson, sir, whin he could let me go, for he's a good man, and I wouldn't take him short; an' I'll tell ye, sir, this day week.'

It was all arranged, and in a fortnight they took possession of their new abode.

'Your children will all go to school to-morrow, Kennedy, I hope?' said Mrs. Saunders, on the evening he arrived.

'Oh, yis, ma'am, sartainly; the craturs must have the edication.'

'Are you a Roman Catholic?'

'Why, ma'am,' said Kennedy, approaching her, 'by rights I ought to be a Protestant; and if I know any religion it's that. My father was a Catholic sartainly, but my mother, and all belongin' to her, were raal Protestants.—An' she used to be tachin' when we were young; an' I'm sure that I was christened by the minister, an' often went to the church.—Well, mother died, an' we all young, an' father didn't much care what we wor; an' the neighbors strove to make us go to chapel, an' they brought the elder sister, but me an' the boys ran wild; an' any prayers I know are all Protestants.'

'Perhaps you could say one for me?' asked Mrs. Saunders, anxious to test the truth of his assertion, for she had a great horror of appearing to buy converts.

'Let me think, ma'am. Oh, here's wan—O Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all our desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, clane the bad thoughts of our hearts by the Holy Spirit, so that we'll love you always, through Jasus Christ our Lord. Amin.'

'That is certainly one of our most beautiful prayers, said the lady, solemnly; 'and you had a good mother to teach you to pray to God, to make clean the thoughts of your heart.—And about the children, Kennedy?'

'Sure, ma'am, they don't know a farthen bout God Almighty—an' though Katty was a Roman, ma'am, she nivir, throubled her head head inach about religion, except to take them to the priest to be christened. Sure she had no religion, an' I think the Protestant's the best.'

'And it's your wish that your children should be brought up in that faith?'

'It is ma'am, if ye plaze, wid de help of God.'

'But about Grace, continued the lady, 'she has been looked upon here as a Roman Catholic, and has gone to chapel with cook.'

'Oh, it's no matter about Grace, ma'am.'

'No matter!' said Mrs. Saunders, somewhat astounded.

'That is, ma'am—I mane, ye may make her what ye like. Be right, I've no call to her.'—And he came closer. 'She's a fon'lin' ma'am. But for the love of God, don't tell her that, ma'am. Sure ye needn't tell any wan. She thinks she's ours—an' I'm twice as fond of her as if she was. An' if she knew she wasn't maybe she wouldn't love her poor father as well as she does. Tache her, yerself, ma'am. I'll be bound ye'll make her a good Christian; but don't tell her that.'

'And how did you get her?' asked the lady, eagerly.

'A poor strange woman died in our house,' said Kennedy with a sort of a shudder, 'and left the little thing.'

'Well, it was very good of your wife to bring the child up.'

'Humph!' he muttered.

'Well, Kennedy,' continued Mrs. Saunders, 'you had better announce yourself that you are a Protestant, and that you wish the children to go to church. I shall speak to Grace myself, and will send her down to-morrow morning, to take them to school.' And Mrs. Saunders thought within herself, 'thank God, she is not the child of that woman! An orphan. And this man told of his own wife's crime—the mother of his children—to save the strange girl from disgrace. 'Tis very odd.—And the good lady buried these things in her heart, and her interest in the protege increased.

It was early in March, and the hedges and little trees were beginning to tell that spring was come; and the birds sang joyfully in the morning, and there was a smile all round on the face of nature, and Grace and her little brother and sister went regularly to school.—Mick had gone off somewhere with his bag, since his mother went to jail. And Grace was such a good girl—she would win her way back into all their hearts. She had done so, dear child—even Mr. Saunders himself began to notice her, and like her. She was nominally living in Fairport, but was constantly down at her father's. And Mrs. Saunders never missed a pin's worth from the house by Grace, which she had not given her.

When Mrs. Saunders had spoken to her about going to church, she clapped her hands, and said how glad she was; that she was often going to ask Miss Jane to let them go.—She could not understand what they said in the chapel. And on Sundays they looked up the Hones; and Grace and her father, and brother and sister, went to church. Grace used to tell to Miss Jane all the nice stories of Jesus Christ she heard there.

One morning Mr. Saunders, as he was reading a letter that the post-boy had just brought, exclaimed, 'My God! so sudden.'

'What is the matter, love?' said his wife, alarmed.

'Poor Mrs. Fortescue is no more,' he answered solemnly.

'You don't so?' said the lady her eyes filled with tears. 'Why by the last account she was better.'

'Here's the letter from the poor husband.'—

'Florence, Feb. 18.—

'It's all over, Saunders. The temporary flush of health on my darling's cheek was delusive and vain; the last bright glimmer of the lamp ere it went out forever. Fanny is gone. She expired two days ago, without a struggle, on the sofa, in the drawing-room, the last beams of an Italian sun gilding her dying bed. God's will be done. My poor girls now have no mother. Their grief is heart-rending. I have nothing to keep me here. Will you, my dear fellow, have everything got ready at the Abbey? I may be home in a week after you receive this—and kind Mrs. Saunders will provide anything wanting in the domestic way.

'Your distressed

'HENRY FORTESCUE.

'J. Saunders, Esq.'

Mrs. Saunders was sobbing violently as her husband concluded. She left the room to cry in peace.

(To be Continued.)

Knickerbocker Fun.

From the February number of the *Knickerbocker* we take the following bit of humor:

We have not a little enjoyed the following description of "Yankee Doodle with Variations," which has been enclosed to us by a friend.

"We have a young lady acquaintance who is a very fine performer on the piano. Her house is in rather close proximity to the street, and the parlor is not proof to the gaze of the passers-by, or of those who are so rude as to take advantage of this too common fault of constructing dwellings in our cities. While in the midst of her musical efforts, a tall young Kentuckian, who had just made his egress from the 'barrens' where he was born and raised, chanced to saunter along the street, and charmed with the novel music, but rather uninformed as to the conventional rules of town society, approached the parlor-window, and with eyes dilated and mouth extended, stood there enraptured, while she sang, 'Give me a cot in the valley I love.'

'Are you fond of music?' inquired the lady who likes a bit of innocent sport.

'Well, I *am* that thing,' said the blunt Kentuckian.

'Do you play?' asked our friend in a quizzical manner.

'I can play a smart lot of tunes on the fife,' said the countryman; 'but d—m me if ever I seed eny body play on a *bureau* before!'

'This is what we call a piano, Sir,' said the performer; 'did you never hear of such an instrument?'

'No Sir-ee!' said Kentuck; 'there no such critter in *our* parts as that; but it makes mighty nice kind o' music, do'nt it? Can you play Yankee Doodle on that machine?' said he, suddenly, and with great earnestness of manner.

The lady answered in the affirmative; and this popular national air, with variations, was performed in truly artistic style. But the uncultivated ear of the rustic could hardly discover, through the variations, a single strain of his much-loved tune, and at the close of the piece he exclaimed:

'Is *that* Yankee Doodle?'

'Yes, Sir, that is Yankee Doodle, with the variations.'

'Well,' ejaculated Kentuck, thrusting a hand into each pocket, preparatory to a start, 'that may do you city folks; *but give me the plain Doodle!*' And off he went."

HE WAS SORRY ONCE.—The last number of the Knickerbocker has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated, and disturbing his wife during the whole night. Upon its being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the impeachment, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof.

'Pretty soon, after I got into my bed, my wife said—

'Why husband, what is the matter with you? you act strangely.'

'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I, 'nothing at all.'

'I am sure there is,' said she, 'you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?'

'And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.'

'I knew there was something strange about you, said she, 'why, you are sober!'

'Now, this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying I have been to bed sober in six months—'cause I have!'

☞ During the renowned 'Dorr War,' in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to organize the army. This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west of the State. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army, as you call it. Our fore-fathers fit through the revolution with nothin' but a drum and fife, and cum off *first-best*, too! I go agin' organs. They will be mighty onhandy things in battle, now I tell you. This war, if conducted, and 'Aunt Rhoda's Army,' as are informed, remains unorganized to this day.